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PUBLISHER'S
PLAYGROUND

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With the Publishers
greeting.

April 1. 1900.

A PUBLISHER'S PLAYGROUND

A
Publisher's Playground

As children vary play by mimic work,
Their sires by change of toil its sameness shirk.



LONDON:
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO.
PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1888



PR

5499

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HARD by the road that towards Parnassus went
There stood an inn ; and in their fiery course
The passing poets here drew rein, and spent
Their resting hours—its sign the ' Flying Horse.'

Mine host a man of presence and repute,
Bustling about his house and stable-yard,
Seemed not a swain to trifle with the lute,
Or cultivate (except your cash) the bard.

Yet gradually, by long example stirred,
A restless fire within his bosom glowed,
And, choosing out a patron's steed, he spurred
The borrowed Pegasus along the road.

What awesome fate this impious clown befell,
Whether the highborn steed his rider threw,
Or, if he reached the slopes where poets dwell,
His friends but guessed—the critics said *they* knew.

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VERSES WRITTEN FOR MUSIC

THE LIFE OF THE YEAR.

WITH faltering steps and wistful eyes,
O'er fresh green earth, 'neath changeful skies,
Comes the New Year in care of Spring,
'Mid sound of bees, and blossoming.

Exulting, bountiful and strong,
With bounding mirth and careless song,
O'er breezy hill, in shady vale,
'Neath Summer's eye the year grows hale.

Then comes the mellow Autumn near,
In russet garb, and leads the year
From vagrant ways to thoughts of home—
A kindly seer of things to come.

'Neath darkening skies, but cheery still,
The old year passes down the hill,
With hoary Winter hand in hand,
To join his sires in slumber land.

So fades the tranquil year away,
As calmly sinks a changeful day ;
Lay him in memory's shrine, and then—
God rest his soul : Amen, Amen.

LOVE'S WISDOM.

HE. **S**PRING'S kindly beams, with growing
 strength,
 Are Winter's chills abating :
 The sluggard earth awakes again,
 All things around are mating.

SHE. All things are fair, but not for aye,
 Trust not the earliest comer :
 A single swallow on the wing,
 'Tis said, makes not the Summer.

HE. Though passing clouds may threaten rain,
 They hide a silver lining :
 The prudent maiden gathers hay
 While Summer suns are shining.

SHE. There is a saying true but trite—
 'Men were deceivers ever';
HE. And this is trite as well as true,
 'Tis better late than never.'

* * * *

HE. The autumn leaves begin to fall,
 And still we both are single :
 Winter is close upon our heels :
 Sure both our lives should mingle.

BOTH. Then come Spring clouds, or Summer shine,
 Sere Autumn, Winter's fetter :
 Two prudent heads and loving hearts
 Than one are always better.

THE SHEPHERD'S WINTER SONG.

NOW is dull Winter coming in,
When days be short and nights be long :
When fogs are thick and hedges thin,
And chilly winds blow grievous strong.

The flowers are hiding from the cold,
The winter wheat is lying dead :
The sheep lie closer in the fold,
The kine are dreaming in the shed.

The robin sings his sad 'chip, chip,'
The frost has hardened all the ground ;
The mavis seeks the ruddy hip,
And larks in flocks do fly around.

While quality and gentle folks
Have all the fun and naught to fear,
'Tis Fortune that we have to coax,
In this the winter-time of year.

Though squire be kind and parson prays,
We find it hard to 'void the lurch :
But here's a health to him that pays,
And here's to him that keeps the church.

PHILLIS' CHOICE.

A S Phillis trips along the grass
Singing her country lingo,
She bears her pail upon her head,
With dimpled arms akimbo.

Adown the hill and o'er the brook
Comes Ralph, with love-lorn sighing,
Vowing by all the gods he knows,
His love for her undying.

Across the ancient wooden bridge
Colin, with deep emotion,
Hastens to prove himself her slave,
And show his true devotion.

They met upon the narrow bridge,
In both their arms they caught her :
While wrangling who should help her o'er
Her pail fell in the water.

' Now he who loves me best,' she cried,
' Will, quick, my pail recover ;
And he who brings it back to me
Shall be my own true lover.'

In plunged the too devoted Ralph,
And down the stream he darted :
While Colin left the Maiden's side ;
Along the bank he started.

A moment hid, they come to view,
The pail between them handing ;
Colin has seized the dripping prize
While gallant Ralph was landing.

O plight of choice ! the maid, in doubt,
Now finds her case a wry one,
Looks down, and innocently says,
'I think I'll take the dry one.'

A MADRIGAL.

LOW dies the day ;
So fades away
My light, at thy departing :
Heart's-life of mine,
This whim of thine
Doth work thy swain's unhearing.

Though fading light
Gives way to night,
Kind Phoebus 'bates his measure :
What cheering ray
Can chase away
The night of thy displeasure ?

O list my plaint :
My heart falls faint
Beneath thy cruel scorning :
Ah me ! forlorn,
I wait till morn,
Thy favour's welcome dawning.

As breaks the day
In glad array
 So comes my lady's heeding ;
Love lives by lack,
Yet cometh back
 To find its needful feeding.

CUPID'S DECADENCE.

IN ancient days, when all was young,
And Love and Hope were rife,
Dan Cupid fed on rustic fare,
And lived a country life.

He rose betimes at break of Day,
And round the country harried,
Upstirring hearts that were unwed,
And soothing down the married.

But then, on wider mischief bent,
He hied him to the City ;
And finding much to suit his taste,
He stayed there—more's the pity.

Men built him there a golden house,
Bedight with golden stars ;
They feasted him on golden grain,
And wine in golden jars.

They draped his pretty nakedness
In richest cloth of gold,
And set him up in business,
Where Love was bought and sold.

And thus he led a city life,
Forgetting his nativity ;
Since then he's gone from bad to worse,
From Cupid to Cupidity.

SUMMER DAYS.

SUMMER days have come at last,
Greet them with a roundelay,
Spring's short days and fickle blast,
Sure, were killed by May.

Early shadows on the moor
Stretch their lengthy limbs,
Rising from the dewy floor,
The lark their rousing sings.

Drinking in the morning air,
Let us brush the heather,
Spurning toil and hollow care,
Bursting custom's tether.

Town and toil conspire life's death,
Sin grows rank in cities,
Here God breathes in every breath,
Here life wakes in ditties.

THE ELM BY THE PORCH.

THERE stands by the porch a lordly elm,
Of rough and mighty girth,
And twice three hundred years have passed
Since the day that gave it birth.

Now say, old tree, what thou hast seen,
And heard of human life,
As thou hast watched the years go by,
With their times of rest and strife.

‘I see the stream of life flow on,
As the centuries go by :
Its bosom carries many a load,
But it bears them tenderly.

‘I have seen the mother bear her babe
To the font, through the ancient door,
And heard the children sing their hymn,
Of the life for ever more.

‘ I have seen the maiden, clad in white,
Pass on through the kindly crowd :
While flowers were strewn on her young life’s way,
And the organ pealéd loud.

‘ I have seen the old man borne to rest,
By his comrades, pacing slow,
When they laid him deep among my roots,
While the organ murmured low.’

Long may thy bossy trunk stand firm,
And thy lawney limbs spread wide :
Beneath thy shade for many a year
May the stream of life still glide !

UNDER THE LIME-TREES.

UNDER the lime-trees straying,
When the Spring days through them
shone,

Our young love loved delaying,
As we wandered there alone.

Under the lime-trees dreaming,
Through the balmy summer days :
Our full love ever seeming
A love that must live always.

Under the lime-trees waiting :
Watching the Autumn leaves fall—
A love that is aye abating
And soon may be past recall.

Under the lime-trees meeting
No more : for the boughs forlorn
A Winter's tale are repeating
Of a love that is dead and gone.

Alas for Spring's sweet spraying
Into Summer's passion tide !
For Autumn, love betraying,
In Winter's coldness died.

DISCORD AND HARMONY.

VAN Gelder was a lonely man,
With neither child nor wife,
But still he lacked not harmony,
For music cheered his life.

Indifferent to wealth and fame,
Oblivious of fashion,
Music was all in all to him—
His great consuming passion.

Although his heart was hardly green,
'Twas scarcely 'sere and yellow':
When young he loved his Celia,
But now he loved his 'cello.

He scraped away the ills of life,
And harmonised its sorrow:
He made the discord of to-day
The music of the morrow.

The strongest heart has some soft place,
And Gelder was but mortal ;
He met one day his long lost ' flame,'
And love threw ope the portal.

He strove to drown with many an air
(Both forte and piano),
His feeling for his Celia
By fealty to his 'cello.

He tried a fugue of Scarlatti's,
And then a sprightlier tone :
He tried a leisurely gavotte,
With twists and double drone.

In vain he fought against his fate,
Tho' helped by Croft and Haydn :
The strife, though long and fiercely waged,
Left victory with the maiden.

And now, when, like his instrument,
Through years of song grown mellow,
He finds it possible to love
Both Celia and his 'cello.

THE DISTANT VALLEY.

O VALLEY wide and purple,
With white clouds sailing o'er,
Swarthing thy breast with shadow,
Shading the distant moor.

O valley rich in fragrance,
With noon-tide odours filled,
Shimmering in balmy vapour,
From hidden flowers distilled.

O valley full of singing
Of gladsome feathered things,
And undertones of humming—
An orchestra of wings.

O valley rich in colour,
Golden with furze and broom,
Rich in thy wealth of beauty
Of leaf and fern and bloom.

O valley sloping southward,
Where many an ancient tree
Throws high its tangled branches
Against the far-off sea.

O valley still and silent,
Enveiled in mystic light,
Thy face is fair by noonday,
How passing fair by night.

O valley ever present,
Tho' 'neath far-distant skies :
Alas ! I only see thee
Whene'er I close mine eyes.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

O GAILY sounds the shepherd's voice,
Far up the mountain's rugged height,
While wandering on from crag to crag,
On paths and uplands out of sight—

O who would live a life of care,
Or toil in valleys down below,
While peace dwells on the mountain-side,
And days in sunny leisure go?

Here high above the haunts of men,
Sweet herbs with fragrance fill the air,
And flowers, secure from greedy hands,
Deck out themselves in colours rare.

The distant hum of busy toil
Comes floating up from far-off vales,
But reaches not the azure where,
With outstretched wing, the falcon sails.

When evening spreads o'er all the land,
And shadows climb the mountain-side,
Day lingers longer round the heights,
And loves among our crags to hide.

O who would live a life of care,
Or toil in valleys down below,
While we can wander fancy free
Where days in sunny leisure go?

SUNSET.

SEE the eye of Day is closing,
Peering through its lid of cloud,
Looking back o'er all his journey,
Dreamily, and heavy-browed.

See, with length'ning arms of shadow,

To the parting world he clings ;

Twilight veils the sad departing,

O'er the scene his mantle flings.

Tellus yields his misty off'ring,

Sad at Sol's declining reign ;

Homeward drive the lowing oxen,

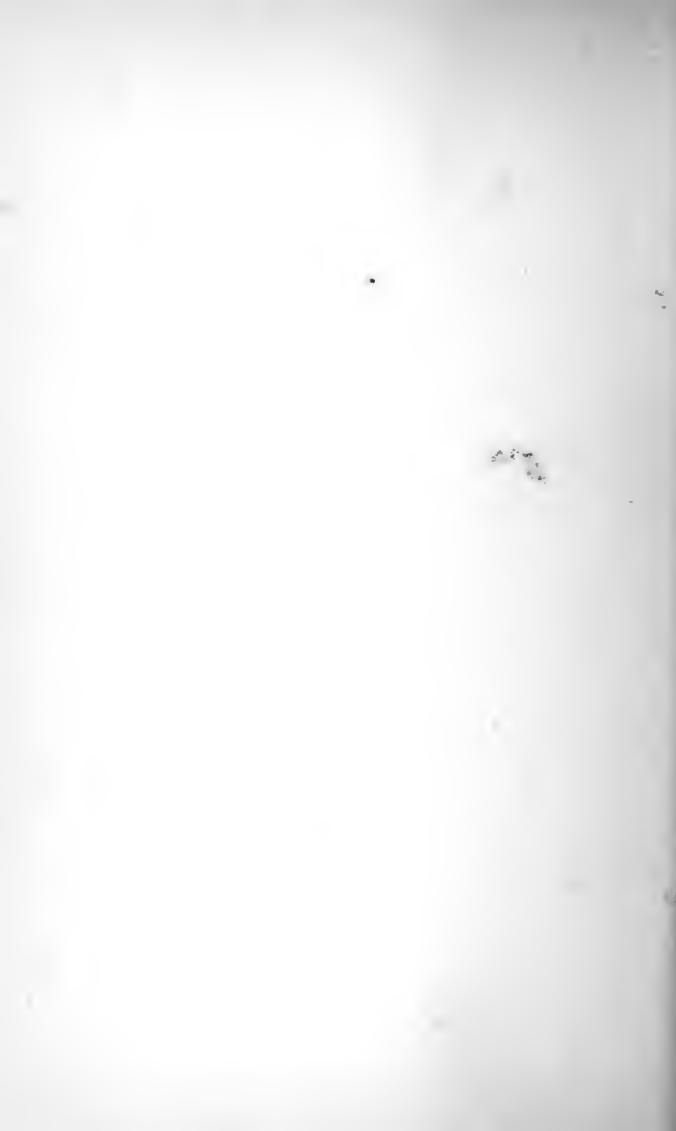
Fold the tinkling flocks again.

Hark ! the beetle wheeling o'er us,

Drones his praise in fading light,

Calling forth to meditation,

'Neath the calm of deep'ning night.



EIGHT SONNETS

A CAUTION TO SONNETEERS.

A YOUTHFUL poet found a form of verse,
As finds a child its faculty of throat,
And well he loved and tried his new-found note
Majestic, musical, and subtly terse.
And, like the child, the bard reached higher strains,
As exercise and pattern gave him power,
Till, in the usance of his bounteous dower,
He freed himself from imperfection's pains.

There comes a waking-time to child and man,
When what seemed best doth show itself to be
The very canker of complaisancie—
The infant's puppet fondled free from bran.
As droops the butterfly beneath the touch,
So fades the sonnet handled over much.

THE IMPRISONED SOUL.

I PASSED along a narrow noisy street,
Where, just above the hurrying crowds, there hung
A lark encaged, that yet right nobly sung,
With quivering wing and ever restless feet,
A heaven-born song towards the far-off stars.
But, ill expressing all his heart did mean,
Impatiently he spurned his patch of green,
And beat his swelling breast against the bars.
Here, said I, is a spring of worship, pent
Within a faithful heart, by sad mischance,
That, prisoned close through sordid circumstance,
Must needs well up and find its heavenward vent.
The heaven-born soul e'en while encaged on earth,
Oft carols forth in songs of heavenly mirth.

THE SOUL'S FREEDOM.

I WANDERED o'er a breezy upland heath,
'Mid incense of a myriad flowers in June :
Where golden gorse unfolded to the noon,
And sloped to where the sea crawled far beneath ;
Above the undertone of minor birds,
The larks held high their revelry of joy,
And filled the air with one sublime envoy
Of praise, that rose to where the blue engirds
The throne ; and, mounting in untiring flight,
They seemed to rise and sing, and poise above
In thrilling ecstasy of unpent love,
Bathed in the balm of God's eternal light.
Here, said I, surely is the gate of heaven :
And these the new-found songs of souls forgiven.

GENNESARETH.

WHILE yet the lingering twilight hides the land,
And chilly flaws of air spread t'wards the shore,
The fishers run their keel upon the sand
In weary silence, for their hearts are sore.
Missing the well-loved tones and cheering word,
With wistful eyes they see the light increase ;
When lo ! the brighter glow reveals the Lord,
And all their gloom and void and yearning cease.
The Lord receives his friends with warmth and food,
And, while they scarce regard the heaven-sent meal,
With gracious words He cheers their downcast mood,
And by His kindness makes His presence real.
So come to us, O Lord, in mystic form,
And for our daily work our cold hearts warm.

CLOUDS.

THE mirky clouds that by their shade o'ercast
The sunless land with gloom and dull despair,
By sweeping hurricane and purging blast
Are riven up and split to cloudlets fair ;
These, passing o'er the edge of evening's realm,
Go on, through breadths of amber-lighted air
To far-off lands, and with their glory overwhelm
The weary world in restful influence rare.

So all our stormy thoughts and gloom of mind—
The stagnant vapour of a noon-tide heat—
Whirled round and cleansed by healthful stir of wind
In brighter forms their darker selves repeat.
The clouds of doubt that rise in restless youth
In mellower light dissolve to restful truth.

' THEN SHALL I SEE THEE.'

O JESUS, when I near the gates of gold,
Coming all dazzled from the world of night,
Veil Thou Thine image to my aching sight,
And gradually Thy face to me unfold.
For I have in my spirit ever kept
A picture of Thee, as a much-loved friend,
Drawn from all various sources that could lend
Reality and life to one so ill adept—
From all Thy wondrous words and gracious deeds,
Told by Thy friends who saw Thee here on earth :
From service, prayer, and visions that have birth
When thought takes wing and contemplation leads ;
This all must fade, though satisfying erst,
So Lord, in mercy, veil Thyself at first.

HONE'S 'EVERY-DAY BOOK.'

WHEN wandering through some stately gallery,
Where pictures, gleaned from various times
and lands,
Harvest the labours of the noblest hands,
Trained by long toil to highest mastery,
We linger, greeting with a glad surprise
The presence of so many well-known friends,
Who each in turn for our reception lends
A festival for mind and heart and eyes.
Yet as we, satiate, leave the kindly roof,
Of him who garnered for our pleasuring,
We count the bounty but a little thing
That spent and spread for our ingrate behoof.
Good reader, when this well-filled book you close
Bless the deft hand that all its treasures chose.

LIFE'S PERPLEXITY.

SAGE Æsop tells a tale of ancient days,
Of how a stork invites a fox to dine,
But with restricted means, his dinner lays
In flask of goodly girth but opening fine. -
The fox tho' sharp, has not the sharpened bill
With which his friend extracts the savoury food :
So, sick of heart, and sadly hungry still,
He wanders homeward in dejected mood ;
Thinks he, ' The meaning's hard, the cause profound,
Why one so wise as I should be debarred
From getting at a good so near the ground,
While vulgar birds receive their blessings jarred.'

DEVOTIONAL AND OTHER VERSES

AN UNCONVENTIONAL SERMON.

A SUMMER day, 'most calm, most bright,'
The very air seems holy :
The week's swift hours have run apace,
To-day they move more slowly.

The ~~very~~ singing of the birds
Seems different on Sunday,
As though they praised the Lord to-day,
But whistled on the Monday.

Across the meadows, hot and still,
Comes, with the scent of hay,
The music of the distant bells—
Let's go to church to-day.

* * * * *

From out the ivy-covered porch,
Rolling in waves along,
Swell forth the organ's mellow tones,
Mingled with holy song.

While resting on this moss-grown tomb
Come sounds of soothing rest,
Whispering to heart, and mind, and ear,
Of what is only guessed.

The lesson of the Father's eye,
And all-protecting arm,
Speaks to us from the azure sky,
With its all-circling calm.

The bounteous sun, whose generous beams
Flood garden, field, and wood,
Bless still, as in the ages past,
The evil and the good ;

Teaching, with patient constancy,
The lesson never learned,
How God repays his labourers
More than they ever earned.

The daisies, flowering in the grass,
Warning the trustless craven,
Suggest the lilies of the field :
The passing rook, the raven.

The sparrows, chattering in the hedge,
Recall the Master's words,
That, though not worth a farthing,
The Father counts His birds.

The robin, singing on the cross,
The tall reeds near the thorn,
All point to Him who suffered death,
'Mid mocking, pain, and scorn.

On yonder tower St. Peter's bird
Turns to each wind that blows :
Tho' firmly resting on the church,
Firmness he never knows ;

A kindly warning this of him
Who, though the Church's Rock,
Went out and wept most bitterly
At crowing of the cock.

The butterfly that flits above
The dial's time-stained plate
Tells of 'the spirits clothed upon,'
When freed from time's dull state :

Cheering our hearts for those who lie
Beneath these mounds, and brings
To mind the thought that they, one day,
Will rise on new-found wings.

We lift our eyes with thankfulness
To where the swallows skim,
As rises from the ancient church
The benediction hymn ;

The mounting lark takes up the strain
And, making it his own,
In raptured language of the skies
Bears it towards the Throne.

* * * * *

Now swells again the organ's voice,
And from the porch's cover
Come forth the rustic worshippers—
The service must be over.

Here, lost in contemplation's dream,
We've let the morning glide,
And missed the parson's sermon, but—
We've heard the one outside.

THE LORD IS THY SUN.

O LORD, Thou art not fickle,
As man is wont to be :
Who halts and doubts and changes,
And sometimes trusteth Thee.

But Thou art ever constant,
Like th' eternal sun on high,
That floods the earth with blessing,
Though clouds may hide the sky.

These clouds that rise and gather,
Between ourselves and Thee,
Are but the shifting vapour
Of our inconstancie.

Though from us Thou art hidden,
With darkness—to our shame—
'Tis we ourselves have covered ;
Thy face is there the same.

As pours the sun for ever
Its gracious influence round,
Cleansing the dome of heaven,
Drying the humid ground,

So, Lord, shine Thou upon us,
Put Thou our mists to rout,
Beam on our stagnant vapours,
Burn up our sloughs of doubt.

CAROL.

DOWN from heaven winging,
Angels come singing,
Joyous news bringing
Of Christ our Lord.

All ye confiding
In love unchiding,
Hail this good tiding
Of Christ our Lord.

Ye who, in sadness,
Mourning sin's madness,
Dare not in gladness
Welcome your Lord,

Leave the world's Babel,
Seek this poor stable,
—Ah ! tis no fable—
Come, see your Lord.

Sinful and holy,
Great ones and lowly,
Yield your hearts wholly
Unto the Lord.

Learn what rich blessing,
Past all our guessing,
Comes through confessing
Jesus our Lord.

And ever praising
Love so amazing,
Unite in raising
Songs to our Lord.

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

THE wind goes by,
The dead leaves fall
Silent beneath
The churchyard wall.

Man, like the leaf,
Doth quiet lie,
Though deeper, he
Shall rise and fly

By Christ his aid,
And shall not stay
Where men and leaves
Do aye decay.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES

ANOTHER EPIC OF HADES.

'TIS said, in far-off countries, where
The lion seeks his prey,
The jackal helps him in the chase,
And pickings gets for pay.

This plan displays an instinct that
In man and beast doth dwell,
Which asks for labour's portioning :
And suits all parties well.

And, curiously, in old-book-craft
There still survives a class
Of hungry men called 'jackals,'
(And a thirsty too, alas !)

These, with a wealth of stratagem
Their faces oft belie,
Scent out the game, and hunt it down
For richer men to buy.

* * * * *

In London town there lived a man,
A second-hand bookseller,
A man whom children would have called
‘A wicked story-teller’;

But as he dealt with sager folks,
Who never *said* he lied,
The epithets applied to him
Were greatly modified.

The jackals knew him one and all,
And felt his penetration :
Still hunted for him usefully—
‘For a consideration.’

One day one called and said he knew
Where lurked a *princeps Walton* :
Its owner did not know its worth—
‘A bird to put the salt on.’

Then Lyon plied his wicked wiles,
With sinuous questions working,
Till Jackal, taken off his guard,
Let out where it was lurking.

Then followed certain flowers of speech
Which we had best not follow,
Concluding with how Jackal would
A shilling like to borrow.

A customer then coming in :
Said Lyon, with a lour,
'O Jackal, I 'm engaged just now ;
Call in in half an hour.'

The interval poor Jackal thought
He'd spend in grateful rest,
So chose him out a hostel where
The whisky was the best.

Lyon saw Jackal up the street,
And safely round the corner :
'Now for a plum from out the pie
Of some benighted Horner.'

He thrust his hat upon his head,
His tongue into his cheek,
And then he did a thing he had
Not done for many a week.

Forgetful of economy,
He hailed a passing hansom,
Jumped into it, and tooled along
As if he bore a ransom.

The prize was safely hidden in
A narrow far-off street ;
But Lyon knew the neighbourhood,
'T had once been his retreat.

He found the owner easily,
And asked him what on earth
He did with such a dirty book,
And had it any worth ?

With nervous shiftings, hum and ha,
The owner said he thought
'As how' the book was worth a 'sov, *
At least so he'd been taught.

* A *Walton* of this name and date would more than make
the poor rich ; in fact 'twill fetch some £50—now, won't it,
Mr. Quaritch ?

Through Lyon's frame there ran a thrill
Of deep unholy glee ;
But ne'er a muscle of his face
Betrayed his ecstasie.

He paid the price as if it were
A sorry lot : and yawning,
To show he was not wide awake,
Bid Horner a good-morning.

Back came the lion to his den,
To find the jackal waiting
The coming of the king of beasts,
With patience unabating.

In bounced the lion with wrath assumed,
As though he had the rabies,
And with a twinkle in his eye
Said, '*Quod est tuum habes ?*' *

* The dyer's hands the colour shows of whate'er is the vat
in ; surely the bibliophile absorbs a little Greek and Latin.

Now Jackal did not understand :
But this he understood,
The wicked twinkle in the eye
Of Lyon meant no good.

Then walking out with listless step,
Growled Jackal muttering,
'Of all the beasts that walk the earth,
This Lyon's truly king.'

'Twas many a day ere Jackal heard
Exactly how he had
Been overreached by Lyon—
But it turned him raving mad.

* * * * *

What think ye if these two should meet
In far-off times in Hades?
Would not poor Jackal say to him,
'Lo, *Quod est tuum habes*'? *

* Good reader, don't in this reply see cause to be amused :
for in the kingdom of the dead, dead languages are used.

*CLIMBING.**

THE ivy climbing upward on the tower,
In vigorous life its shapely tendrils weaves ;
But, resting on the summit, forms a bower,
And sleeps, a tangled mass of shapeless leaves.

So we, while striving, climb the upward way,
And shape by enterprise our inner lives.
But when on some low rest we idly stay,
Our purpose, losing point, no longer strives.

CHILDREN.

THEY come to us in heavenly guise ;
But, growing bold and stronger,
Put off the mask and shed their wings
As legs and arms grow longer.

* While climbing, the ivy preserves its pointed leaf: but when spreading out into a bushy head, the leaves lose their delicate beauty and become rounded and unshapely.

FROM THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE
'ISAAC WALTON,' DOVEDALE.*

KING David said, 'In Princes put no trust,
Nor in the sons of men, who are but dust.'
Perhaps these warning words of inspiration
In David's day required no confirmation ;
But we, in light of higher social graces,
With deference suggest 'conditions alter cases.'
Could Israel's king, when by his son o'erthrown,
Wandering o'er Kedron's brook, this vale have
known,
And had he been induced this spot to halt on,
He would have rested at the *Izaak Walton* ;
Here, soothed by rest and free from tribulation,
He'd judge of men with kinder moderation ;
And taking down his harp, so long unstrung,
His new experience would thus have sung :—
'Blessed is the man who most frequents this dell,
But thrice blest he whose home is this hotel ;
Here reigns a Prince whom you may safely trust,
Her laws are kindness and her charges just.'

* Kept by Mrs. Prince.

HUNGER v. JUSTICE.

ONE Audry looked out from her high narrow casement,

With a hey and a ho, for a prisoner is she :
All the revel of nature recalls her abasement,
From scolding and chiding when will she be free ?

Beneath on the greensward so shady and still o,
A batch of brown sparrows, with chirping and tweak,
Peck and punish a comrade for some peccadillo,
Counting frailty and weakness should turn th' other
cheek.

Anon the good housewife with hand on the door latch,
Scatters crumbs for the sparrows, the starlings, and
daws :

Loving food more than judgment, away flew the
whole batch,
'We've done justice to morals, let's be just to our maws.'

Sad Audry, now smiling, thinks of hope for the sinner,
And says to herself, to herself says she,
'Mayhap my grim friends, when the time comes for
dinner,

Will display such compassion, and liberate me.

CAUSE & EFFECT.

PHRENOLOGIST.

I FEEL you are a poet,
And to this conclusion jump,
As on 'imagination'
I find a wondrous bump.

POET (*in pain*).

Yes, I have imagination,
And the cause you well detect,
For my poems I showed an Editor,
And this bump is the effect.

THE LAY OF THE WILY VILLAIN.

THE furtive sneak who filches from
The bookstall's dingy rows,
Should by the ears be nailed aloft,
Along with kites and crows.

Now, listen, ye who covet books,
But don't know how to buy 'em,
Of one who played much deeper tricks—
But pray don't go and try 'em.

In London's dingiest bookiest street,
Not far off from the Strand,
There dwelt a man who dealt in books,
Short-sighted, wise and bland.

He had a partner for his help,
Far-seeing, pompous, bluff :
A man whom e'en his enemy
Would never call a muff.

These twain, for want of better names,
Sluther we'll call, and Slyum—
Now, gentle reader, pray don't try :
You can't identify 'em.

This worthy pair a client had,
Who, in his earlier days
Had honest been, but losing tone,
Fell into wicked ways ;

And straying far, and stumbling oft
O'er moral hill and hummock,
He came at last to filch a book
To fill an empty stomach.

And this is how he did the deed :
(Now, 'gentle,' don't you try it,
For though he took the book by guile,
He certainly did buy it ;)

He wandered into Sluther's shop,
As in the days gone by,
Where many a goodly tome he'd bought,
At prices fairly high.

And after peering round the shelves,
As was his wont of yore,
He chose a volume, small but rare,
Worth shillings p'r'aps a score.

Then, turning with abstracted air
To where poor Sluther stood,
He said, 'You 'll put it down to me ;'
And Sluther said he would.

Their shop was long, and low, and dim,
The front was ruled by Sluther ;
While Slyum 'kept the books,' and dwelt
In darkness at the other.

Our villain pushed his wicked way,
Past connoisseur and gull,
To where old Slyum kept accounts ;
For Sluther's shop was full.

And there with conversation bland,
And specious balderdash,
He showed the book to Slyum, and—
He sold it him for cash !

If furtive sneaks, who help themselves
To books from stalls and boxes,
Are treated like the kites and crows,
What should be done with foxes?

IRATE AUTHOR.

WHENE'ER I take my works abroad
The publisher to see,
I inly feel a deep desire
To punch the head of he.

PATIENT PUBLISHER.

Whene'er he takes his works abroad
And brings them me to buy,
I inly sigh, but rarely say,
'You'll be the death of I.'

—AND what of him who towards Parnassus went,
Urging his steed as if it were his own :
Did he 'fall dead,' or reach his high intent ?
With you, Good Reader, rests his fate alone.

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